

David Charles'

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FEBRUARY 5, 1955

12,715 SEE BRUINS TOPPLE WINGS, 8 TO 4

LaBine, Ferguson Lead Scoring in Rough Tilt

By Tom Fitzgerald, The Boston Globe

A crowd of 12,715 - Boston's second largest hockey gathering of the season - jammed into the Garden last night, and the rampaging Bruins responded heartily with their most productive scoring show of the season to swamp Detroit's champion Red Wings, 8 to 4.

Gathering momentum once they found the range, the B's popped in two goals in the opening period, four in the second and two more in the third.

LaBine Gets 18th

Leading the way in this scoring carnival with a pair apiece were Leo LaBine who kept his place as the team's top goal getter with a total of 18 and Lorne Ferguson who continued his streak with Nos. 16 and 17.

Cashing in for singles were Don McKenney (his 17th), Real Chevrefils (13), Cal Gardner (13) and defenseman Leo Boivin (4).

The members of Boston's top line - McKenney, LaBine and Chevrefils - were voted as co-stars of the game as each racked up four points. LaBine with two assists and McKenney and Chevrefils with two each.

The B's already had jumped ahead by 4-0 in the second period before Ted Lindsay took advantage of a penalty to Doug Mohns to score Detroit's first goal. Other Red Wing scorers were Vic Stasiuk, Tony Leswick and Bill Dineen.

Temper Waxes Hot

This wide-open battle was punctuated by occasional displays of high temper on the ice - and one off the ice involving a fan - and the two clubs will be resuming their feud in the garden tonight in the windup of their three-game series.

The result had quite a bearing on the standings, as the Wings dropped four points back of Montreal and the Bruins edged up to within five of the third-place Toronto club which was tied by Chicago.

Among the major victims was Detroit goalie Terry Sawchuk. This larruping dumped him seven goals behind his only real rival for the Vezina Trophy, Toronto's Harry Lumley.

This was Terry's worst beating of the season. The previous

high against him was six by the Bruins in a game here late in November.

Bruins Capitalize

The Bruins took advantage of practically every opening. they accounted for five of their goals while the Wings were shorthanded on penalties, and on two of the occasions when they had a manpower advantage they capitalized for two goals.

LaBine opened the flood gates only 27 seconds after the game started after an aggressive combination play with Chevrefils and McKenney.

For sheer crowd appeal, the outstanding effort of the evening was the second Boston tally by Boivin, the hard-bumping defenseman who has earned the very warm regard of Boston fans since he came here in a trade with Toronto early in the season.

The Wings were short-handed on a penalty to Dutch Reibel when Boivin took off from his own end. he stormed up the ring on a weaving solo tour that was reminiscent of Eddie Shore in his heyday.

As he roared in to the Detroit end, swerved inside Marcel Pronovost, then unleashed a perfect drive right down the middle past Sawchuk.

That was just a sample. The Bruins had the combination this time, and they actually misfired by fractions of inches on a number of other grand opportunities.

This definitely was no goal-tenders duel, but Coach Milt Schmidt was wholly satisfied with John Henderson's performance. he said after the game that the lanky kid will be back between the pipes tonight.

FEBRUARY 27, 1984

BRUINS TAKE THE EDGE OFF SABRES, 3-1

By Francis Rosa, The Boston Globe

BUFFALO - There comes a time in almost every team's season when it must face up to a situation designed to test its character. That moment came for the Bruins last night. They not only stood up to the double-edged challenge of the Buffalo Sabres and first place, they slapped it down with intensity level that went off the scale.

It was "time to put up or shut up," as Mike Milbury had said. "This was a big challenge to our pride," Barry Pederson said. The challenge ended in a 3-1 Boston victory in one of the

hardest played games of the season. It left the Bruins four points behind first-place Buffalo in the Adams Division and now, as coach Gerry Cheevers said, "it's going to be a race. If we had lost this it would have been sayonara to first place."

The Bruins won it with their special teams, two power-play goals and by killing off eight Buffalo power plays. "There's no doubt we won it with our special teams," said Cheevers. And there was little doubt that Rick Middleton is both a game breaker and a game saver and that Pete Peeters is something special as a goalie. "There were a couple of saves I even wondered about myself," said Peeters. "I just caught sight of the puck out of the corner of my eye."

But the Bruins do not win the Middleton and Peeters alone. They win with a full-team effort. They have been struggling on this seven-game road trip that began and ended in Buffalo. It ended better than it began, "with a sense of accomplishment," Peeters said.

This was a game full of all the things that make hockey exciting, from the checking to the hitting, from the defensive plays to the scoring plays, from goal to goal.

The tag the Bruins put on it was "our best game of the season, our biggest game of the season," in view of what was at stake.

It was a game that began ominously. The Sabres stamped out of the opening faceoff into the Boston end and stayed there for more than two minutes. Then, at 3:01, they scored a goal, Paul Cyr lifting a rebound into the net to finish off a two-on-one.

From that moment on the Bruins pulled themselves together, tied the game with Tom Fergus' power-play goal, a wrist shot from the right circle which went through goalie Tom Barrasso's pads, and worked their way through a tough, scoreless second period, winning the game with a pair of goals in the third period, by Pederson on a power play and by Middleton on a short breakaway.

Pederson got loose in front to sweep a second rebound in after shots by Middleton and Gordie Kluzak. Middleton was sprung loose by a Fergus pass.

"I just made a fake and forced Barrasso to move," said Middleton. "He tries to get you to make the first move and then make you pick a corner." When Barrasso moved, Middleton hit the puck under his left arm as the Buffalo goalie came out.

Ordinarily a two-goal lead with almost 14 minutes left against a team as good as Buffalo takes a bit of nursing. But the Bruins did it with some total defensive play from the goal out.

The scoring details were only one part of a game that produced some marvelous goaltending at both ends, especially by Peeters, and ended on an emotional and dramatic high with the Sabres playing six attackmen against three defenders.

In those last moments Peeters made a great save on Mike Foligno at the top of the crease. "As soon as Pete made that save," said Mike Krushelnyski, "those of us on the bench let out a yahoo and we started shouting, 'OK, ref, give us another two minutes.' At that time we could have been beating everybody, the referee, the Sabres, everybody."

"The end result made everybody happy," said Peeters. "There was a feeling of elation in the dressing room after the game. It was a great mood, because it was a game we absolutely had to have."

NOVEMBER 27, 1965

C's CAGE BAYLOR, TRIP LAKERS, 101-95

By Clif Keane, The Boston Globe

The opposition and the site were different, but the script was the same two nights in a row. Larry Siegfried, pinch-hitting for Sam Jones, had a 12-point third period while the Celtics were whipping the Los Angeles Lakers, 101 to 95, before 11,046 at the Garden.

And Bill Russell, who had been worried silly about his shooting, had a new season's high with 28 points. It was the eighth straight game for Bill in double figures. He also had 35 rebounds.

To jog your memory, the Celtics met Detroit in Providence Friday night and the game was tied in the third period. Siegfried broke open the game with 12 points in the quarter.

Same dose for these Lakers.

And Russell, although he didn't score as high in Providence, played his second straight magnificent game. It's now 12 in 14 and five straight for the first place team.

The Lakers got no service to speak of from the great Elgin Baylor. Baylor started the game and played six minutes without a basket, and when he came back in the third period, he finally got his first - and only basket - at the five-minute mark.

Siegfried's explosion in the third quarter had the fans hopping out of their seats. The two teams had been tied six times in the third period, and it looked as though the Celtics were going to be in one of their rare battles down to the last minute of the game.

But after Siegfried had scored his sixth straight points for the Celtics to break the 63-63 tie, his next move left the Lakers completely frustrated. In the middle with the ball, about 10-feet from the hoop, Larry eased a righthanded hook flush into the basket and that had the Celtics out in front by four.

Jerry West, who had to take the heavy load with Baylor in one of his rare bad nights, got a foul after Larry's classy basket, and that was about the last gasp for the Lakers.

Tom Sanders, Russell and K.C. Jones plunked in baskets after West's free throw, and at the end of the quarter, the Celtics led by 10 points, their highest lead of the game.

So with things a little out of hand for the Lakers, on came K.C. Jones with some of the fancy ballhandling such as he offered in Providence Friday evening.

NOVEMBER 27, 1976

WHITE (36) SPARKS CELTICS, 123-109

By John Powers, The Boston Globe

NEW YORK - Jo Jo White scored 36 points and Charlie Scott added 25 as the Celtics ran away from the hobbled New York Knicks, 123-109, at Madison Square Garden last night.

it was the Celtics' first road victory in six games, breaking a

drought that had begun in New Orleans on Election night, and it was basically decided at halftime, when Boston had built a 61-48 lead.

That margin grew to 22 points (90-68) late in the third quarter before Earl Monroe (31) and Ticky Burden (21) sparked a New York comeback that brought the deficit down to eight points with 6:13 to play in the game. White, Steve Kuberski and Sidney Wicks (19) helped Boston break it open from that point, though, and there was no further trouble.

It was the Celtics' only appearance here until April 5, a rather sad dilution of a rivalry that generally produces capacity crowds in both buildings.

And several of the familiar faces were missing, too. John Havlicek, whose swollen knee worsened after Friday's game with Cleveland, did not make the trip. And the Knicks were without Walt Frazier (back muscle), Bill Bradley (shoulder) and Jim McMillian (knee).

So New York coach Red Holzman went with John Gianelli and Spencer Haywood at forward, rookie Lonnie Shelton in the pivot, and Earl Monroe and Butch Beard at guard.

Tom Heinsohn used his normal lineup of Sidney Wicks and Curtis Rowe in the corners, Jim Ard at center, and Jo Jo White and Charlie Scott in the backcourt.

And none of it affected the pace, which was brisk from the start. White, who'd had an eminently forgettable night against Cleveland on Friday, caught fire immediately, hitting three quick baskets as Boston kept pace with Haywood's and Monroe's handiwork.

Then Haywood suddenly came up lame, was replaced by Mel Davis, and the Celtics jumped ahead, 17-14, on an Ard hook and a Scott steal.

Haywood was back with two minutes left in the quarter, but the Celtics remained in control, as Scott connected on three shots and sent them up 29-22. And only a Davis free throw changed anything before the break.

Heinsohn inserted Fred Saunders and Kevin Stacom into the lineup as the second quarter began, and the points continued to pile up. Two Saunders baskets quickly made it 33-25, and four white points made it 33-25, and four White points around a Rowe hook increased the bulge to a dozen points.

And after Monroe and Phil Jackson whitted it down slightly, Stacom followed with three straight baskets, Scott added a fourth, and it was 48-31 with 5:38 left in the half. There was a light chorus of boos from the Garden gallery.

New York managed to slice the deficit to 10, at 54-44, as Shelton chipped in five points, but a three-point play by Ard and two Wicks free throws reopened the wound. And at halftime, Boston led 61-48, and boos were louder and more insistent.

The momentum vanished during intermission, though, as New York outscored the Celtics 8-2 during the first 2:12, and chopped their lead to 63-56. But Boston called time out, regrouped, and came back with a 12-4 counterthrust, as Wicks and Scott each hit a pair of baskets.

And from there, White put on his personal style show, hitting strings of driving layups, wiping out memories of Friday night (5-for-21) and sending the Celtics up by 22, at 90-68, with less than three minutes left in the third quarter.

Yet for all the Knicks' trouble, it was still too early to signal for garbage time. White's seventh points in a row proved the crest of that Boston wave, as Ticky Burden touched off a 14-4 burst over the final 2:35, that pared the Boston lead to 94-82 at the Break. And in the midst of it, Rowe protested a call by referee Joe Gushue and was ejected from the game.

JUNE 13, 1933

DUSTY COOKE'S HOME RUN BEATS YANKS

Red Sox Win 6 to 5

By David F. Egan, The Boston Globe

Everybody except Miss Lynch, the Red Sox secretary, pursued Ben Chapman around the premises in the ninth inning at Fenway Park yesterday afternoon; an outfielder entitled Roy Johnson finally nailed him at second base; and the Red Sox beat the New York Yankees again, 6-5, in another boisterous battle.

It happened something like this, but if I'm wrong pray forgive and forget. The Red Sox went into the ninth inning leading, 6-4, despite Lou Gehrig's 14th home run of the season, and our Mr. Lloyd Brown was doing a very nifty job of curving the Yankees to slow and painful death.

Merry-Go-Round

Messrs. Gehrig and Chapman upped and singled, and when Dickey rolled out they trudged to third and second, respectively. Here was a perilous sitch-ee-ay-shun, for the dangerous Signer Lazzeri was at the plate, pinch-swinging for his brother Italian, Frank Crosetti.

The Signor hit a pop foul near the first-base bleachers. Dale Alexander emulated Daddy Longlegs and plucked the ball off the restraining barrier (Hi, Mr. Husing!), Gehrig faked a dash home, to draw his throw, and as Alexander whipped it to farrell he sauntered back toward third, when, to his horror, he discovered Chapman bearing down on him.

From that point it was quite confusing. Everybody was running around and falling down, and I thought that a dozen Arabs had arrived to put on their whirlwind tumbling act. Warstler dived at Gehrig, trapped between third and home, but the hungry giant sidestepped rather gracefully.

Most Unusual

Tammas Oliver galloped into the picture, amidst exhortations and expostulations from General Manager Eddie Collins to "get one, get one." Tammas immediately started pursuing Chapman, and in the turmoil, Gehrig scored. He tossed it to McManus, who chased Chapman back to second, where he was retired by, of all people, leftfielder Roy Johnson. It was a most unusual double-play, you may be sure.

Lloyd Brown did some noble flinging for our boys. He limited the powerful Yanks to seven blows, three of which were accumulated by Gehrig. Gehrig's homer with a man aboard and Crosetti's triple with two on base were damaging blows, but taking everything into judicious consideration, Brown elbowed a nice game.

"Dusty" Cooke, a Yankee cast-off, won the hitting honors for the Red Sox, with a lengthy double and a lengthier homer which accoiunted for four runs, and though Alexander made only one lone single in four times at bat, he inserted it atthe proper moment - i.e., when it drove in the other two runs.

MacFayden Fails to Finish

Deacon Dan'l MacFayden of Somerville started (but did not finish) for the Yankees. He was given a lead in the first when, with two out, Ruth smashed a single to second baseman Bernie Friberg, and Gehrig, the eel-eater, parked a home run in the center field stands.

The Sox retrieved one of those runs in the last of the third when, with two out, Marty McManus singled and Cooke smote a double to the center field fence, but the champions of the world increased their lead to 4-1 in the fourth on a single by Gehrig, an error by Warster on Chapman's grounder, and a three-baser to center by Crosetti.

The Red Sox came charging from the rear, however, with an outburst of clean hitting in the fifth, Friberg, Brown and Warstler singled in rapid succession, filling each and every one of the bases. After McManus fouled out, Friberg scored on Cooke's grounder to Gehrig, and then the large Mr. Alexander helped himself unto a single, driving home two important runs and tying the score into a lover's knot.

Cooke's Home Run

The home heroes increased the score to 6-4 in the last of the seventh in a very simple and direct manner. With one out, Warstler singled to center. And with two out, Cooke dropped a home run into the right field stands.

Brown was invincible after Crosetti's triple in the fourth until the ninth. On Farrell's fly to Johnson in the fourth, Crosetti was doubled at the plate on Johnson's grand peg, and only three men faced Brown in the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth innings.

The victory was the second in succession over the mighty Yanks, and the boys aver that from here on, they will win their fair share of the games.

Crumbling the Champs

The Red Sox turned in three double plays, including that somewhat dizzy one on the ninth.

They used everything except butterfly nets to capture Chapman in the ninth. A shotgun at the time would have been just the thing in that emergency.

What wild and woolly finishes the boys are staging!

Vernon (Lefty) Grove will probably be Marse Joe McCarthy's nominee to pitch today, and it was probable that either George Pipgras or Lefty Weiland will throw them up to the Yanks.

The Yankees will be here tomorrow, and since Friday is an open date, it will be Ladies' Day.

The Athletics will be here Saturday for a doubleheader, and Pittsburg will be here Sunday against the Braves. If you want to know anything else, write your Congressman.

Boston Vintage Sports Flashback

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MAY 11, 1973

SOX STOP INDIANS, 4-2

Tiant Regains Touch

By Clif Keane, The Boston Globe

There had been something wrong with Luis Tiant. The first run the Indians scored off the righthander last night wasn't a powerful effort, but the second was hardly like Luis.

Tiant had Dave Duncan in a two-strike hole. Anything but what the strong Cleveland catcher liked - a good fast ball. And yet Luis gave it to him and Duncan knocked it into the net, and the Indians led 2-0.

That was in the second inning and Luis had now given up 11 homers, four more than all last season.

But all of a sudden Luis became the magician again. He gave up only one single the rest of the game, and the 12,803 saw him fan Duncan to end the show with the Sox winning, 4-2.

It was the fourth complete game for Luis and the fourth complete game in a row for the Red Sox. So maybe the pitching is improving and maybe Luis, after that mistake against Duncan, is now back on the track.

The Indians had scored in the first. John Lowenstein singled to center and Rusty Torres bunted down the third base line. John Kennedy came in, took a look at the ball and decided to let it roll. It was still slippery from the heavy shower earlier in the night, and John went over on his back as though he had been body checked.

The ball rolled into left for a bunt double, and George Hendrick scored Lowenstein with a fairly long fly to center. But for the rest of the game Luis gave up only three bases on balls, two in the eighth when he faltered slightly.

A hard-throwing lefty, Brent Strom, was pitching for the Indians, and the Sox were without Orlando Cepeda, who was sidelined because of a shoulder ailment brought on from his squabble in Chicago the other night.

And some power has been lost recently when Rico Petrocelli on the bench because of a bad leg. But John Kennedy, the guy who simply makes good just about every time he is needed, hit a Rico type homer with a man on, and Danny Cater, who took Orlando's place as the designated hitter, doubled home a run in the eighth off Ray Lamb.

The Sox went ahead in the third when Tommy Harper, who contributed to the defense as well, walked and apparently was neatly picked off by Strom. But he got to second when Chris Chambliss's throw hit him towards second and beat it out while Tommy went to third, and Carl Yastrzemski brought in Harper with a grounder to second base.

Strom walked Evans in the fifth and was yanked for Ray Lamb. If Tiant has a few tricks on the mound, so does this bespectacled righthander.

Pitchers usually step forward when they throw the ball. But Lamb, at times, winds up almost parallel to the mound while he spins some huge curves. He has always been effective with his style.

So while Luis was throwing his hesitation stuff, blended with an occasional fast ball and snapping curve, Lamb was matching him on the other end. In the eighth, though, Cater caught hold of one of Ray's tricky pitches and drilled it down the

third base line.

Luis Aparicio had walked with one out and stolen his first base of the season. Yastrzemski walked and Carlton Fisk stepped in. Carlton dug his little mounds of dirt before every pitch, but wasn't ready for Lamb's fast balls, and took three of them to strike out. But cater hit his double down the line and on into left.

Kennedy tried again to help, but flied down the right field line, but the Indians went out in order, Duncan the last of them.

Buddy Bell was twice robbed by good Sox defense. In the third, Harper threw him out when he tried to stretch a single and, in the fifth, Rick Miller made a diving catch of a ball that would have gone for a triple.

OCTOBER 1, 1978

PATRIOTS WRAP UP ANOTHER THE HARD WAY, 28-23

By Steve Marantz, The Boston Globe

FOXBORO - They seem to enjoy tempting fate, laughing in the face of imminent catastrophe. For the fourth week out of five, these Patriots have taken a 60-minute football game and distilled it into two minutes of frenzy.

The fuse on their death wish had burned to its last thread before the Patriots stamped it out yesterday and beat the San Diego Chargers, 28-23, before 60,781 transistor-radio listening fans at Schaeffer Stadium. For a while, they didn't know whether to cry for the Red Sox or curse the Patriots.

But Steve Grogan fooled the Chargers with some fancy footwork, after taunting them with his arm. And the Patriots went 73 yards to get the winning touchdown with 36 seconds left. Charger coach Don Coryell, who took over from Tommy Prothro last Monday, remarked, "Our problem was that they had the ball last." Coryell's teams in St. Louis were known as the Cardiac Cards for the same reason his opponents yesterday should be known as the Pulmonary Pats.

"The longer we go into the season," said Chuck Fairbanks, "the capacity to do this gets more and more important."

A 41-yard field goal by Rolf Benirschke had ruined what the Patriots had hoped satisfied their comeback quota for the week. They had been behind, 20-7, and returned on touchdown catches by Harold Jackson, who caught four for 106 yards, and Russ Francis.

Grogan mobilized, finding Don Calhoun for 15 yards, getting another 20 on Mike Fuller's pass interference to the Charger 30. An important gain followed, with Grogan rolling right, stopping near the sideline, and throwing far across the field to Francis at the Charger 5. "I didn't think it would get to me," said Francis. "I thought it would be intercepted."

Grogan finished the drive - and the Chargers - with a nice cutback run to the right side, putting the final touch on his best game of the season. It included three runs for 21 yards and 17 completions on 29 passes for 231 yards, three TDs, and only one interception, down from his average of three.

"I needed a game like that for my confidence," said Grogan. "I haven't been throwing as good as I could. I wasn't forcing the ball today."

Jackson had worked free "by faking post and going flag" for Grogan's 14-yard pass, cutting the Charger lead to 20-14. Francis, in motion on his TD, reversed directions with a spin and left strong safety Fuller clawing at air. Jackson was wide open for his first TD, a 30-yard catch in the first quarter, when Grogan scrambled out of the pocket.

But the Chargers displayed a powerful and imaginative offense to push the Patriots to the brink, and although Coryell said he only disturbed his assistants once to make a decision, it appeared his presence was settling to the mistake-prone team.

Quarterback Dan Fouts matched Grogan with three TD passes, a three-yarder to tight end Pat Curran, and 21 and 40-yarders to rookie wide receiver John Jefferson. Both of Jefferson's TDs at the expense of Patriot left corner Ray Clayborn, who was left alone on a blitz for the first one, and bit on a Fouts pump fake on the second. "He (Jefferson) has good speed, good hands, and body control," said Clayborn.

It was the Chargers' surprising success rushing that gave Fouts time to throw. They used misdirection, or cutback plays, consistently for 160 yards on 38 rushes. The absence of linebacker Sam Hunt, sidelined with a bad ankle, was evident in the Chargers' rushing success. "We didn't get our down linemen co-ordinated well in our coverages," said Fairbanks.

It didn't matter ultimately, with the Patriots casually waiting for the last two minutes before rallying to stay tied for first place with the Dolphins in the AFC East. "I may develop an ulcer before this season is over," said Grogan.

OCTOBER 7, 1945

YANKS SUPRISE REDSKINS, 28-20, BEFORE 22,685 RAIN- SOAKED FANS

Curryvan, Grigas Score; Baugh Brilliant

By Jerry Nason, The Boston Globe

The Yanks have landed!

Performing with the exuberance of college sophomores, Boston Yanks electrified a rain-saturated throng of 22,685 pro football patrons at Fenway Park yesterday by outthrusting and outscoring Washington Redskins, 28-20.

The offensive football displayed on the sleazy gridiron and in the adverse elements was incredible. Yanks spotted the Boston "alumni" (Redskins) a 6-0 lead on Sammy Baugh's dripping pass to Steve Bagarus, who made a swan-dive catch in a pool of water directly in front of the Red Sox dugout on the third play of the second period.

From there in it was a constant display of fireworks. The score fluctuated as follows, with Redskins drawing first blood:

0-6, 7-6, 14-6, 14-13, 21-13, 28-13, 28-20.

Redskins beat the clock by 11 seconds for the final tally of the day, Sammy Baugh crowning a 97-yard match when his air-rifle throw through the mists was received in circus style by Bob Seymour, 27 yards away. Seymour rolled over the Y. goal in

a spray of water.

Manders Registers

In the second period Yanks drove 60 yards for a 7-6 lead, Pug Manders finally going the last long yard on a fullback buck from the spread formation. Automatic Augie Lio converted that point, and three subsequent to it. Before the period (the second) had run its course Yanks were up, 14-6, with Don (BC) Currivan snaring a low, twirling pass from Scotty Gudmunson and outfooting Steve Bagarus in a 25-yard sprint to the promised land.

A Yank fumble at their 37 put Redskins into the contention mid-way through the third period. A Baugh pitch to Joe Aguirre for 17 yards set up the score. Frank Atkins bulled over from the two and Aguirre converted to slice Yanks' lead to 14-13.

Bob Davis' runback of the subsequent kickoff left Y. 52 yards from pay dirt. They got there swiftly. Johnny Grigas sped a 29-yard pass down the gulley to Keith Ranspot and then a payoff pitch was hurled by Davis, faking to Manders and firing down the right sideline. Ned Mathews caught it while backtracking over the goal, falling flat on the seat of his pants and slithering thus at the end of a 23-yard scoring gesture.

With the margin still tight 21-13, Augie Lio intercepted a Baugh pass on the last play of the third period. Augie lumbered 32 yards to the Washington 20. This set up the winning margin.

Two plays into the fourth period and Yanks were home. Pug Manders, a veritable bull out there in the mud, tore over left tackle for 9 yards. And then to the vast delight of the population, especially those of Chelsea, Johnny Grigas ran the last 11 on an in-and-out sprint, directed at his r.t. and diverting into a sweep and foot race for the corner of the field where yawns the visiting baseball dugout.

Redskins jounied 97 yards, the Marathon march of the day, to beat the clock in a photo-finish touchdown at the end. Bob Seymour, a burly halfback by way of Oklahoma, made a spectacular catch of Baugh's high pitch of 30 yards. Frank Satchse hurled himself upon the receiver at once, but Seymour half dove, half rolled over the goal.

In this march the gambling instincts of Baugh were manifest. He successfully forward passed from behind his own goal on fourth down, nine yards to go, to instigate the drive. he gambled again at his 35, under similar conditions, and got away with it.

The contest was an artistic triumph for the firm of Ted Collins, Herb Kopf and A. Sampson - not to mention the playing personnel. The miserable weather snuffed out the management's ambition of not only chastisting Mr. George (Set Tubs) Marshall's hirelings, but to accomplish the deed in the presence of a sell-out congregation.

Marshall, proprietor of the 'Skins here in the mid-30s, who left town in a huff and muttering about Boston's lost sporting heritage, never got to see the 35,000 crowd due to the weeping clouds above.

Advertised to the hilt, Baugh was a revelation. The tall Texan gave a gasping exhibition of hurling a sleezy, wet football. the majority of his many passes were on the mark. . .but alert defensive measures, plus unsteady reception, foiled many of them.

Yanks unfortunately will not be able to cash in on this monumental victory. The club is on the road until it meets Detroit here on Nov. 4. The league's "freshman" entry may be a ball of fire from here on.